

The logo features the words "BLACK CROWN" in a bold, serif font, stacked vertically. The text is centered within a thin circular border. The entire logo is set against a light gray rectangular background, which is flanked by two solid black vertical bars on either side.

**BLACK
CROWN**

The logo features the words "BLACK CROWN" in a bold, black, serif font. The text is centered within a thin black circle. This circle is positioned in the middle of a vertical band with a light pink background and thin, dark vertical stripes. The entire composition is flanked by solid black vertical bars on both the left and right sides.

**BLACK
CROWN**

BLACK CROWN

'KINGDOM'

- 1: Snow
- 2: The Tree Line
- 3: Belt of Rust
- 4: And if I Don't...
- 5: Love Without End
- 6: Bloom.

Written and Produced by Thomas
Carter.

Poem text and artwork by Karolina
Urbaniak and Thomas Carter.

This album is dedicated to Joshua
Rex and Karolina Urbaniak, for
their friendship always.

Copyright Verlaine Records, 2009.
All Rights Reserved.



The thing I was waiting for/
The thing I was waiting for/

Like lonely clarinets/ or on the
empty fields. Like them so/
much.

how sounds tangle each other. In
understand.///
that/ should back out for a while
moment I would love to have some
voices at the back. Not like a/
through rules/ like a blind for those
to be free.

and let the long sounds/
not too much.

should back out for a while
beautiful/ ribbons.///

a blind for those savage and
beginning.

Through rules/ like a blind for those
anxious.//

growing. And I don't know
first 80 seconds for the
whisperings for the

delicate. Ticking and
earphones. And I don't know
it is so fragile, subtle and
but they almost make a

noise!!! And I don't know
it is because I love the noise.
uncontrolled.//

would love to have some
bells. And I don't know
bells. And I don't know

LET THEM SCREAM.//

LET THEM SCREAM.//

LET THEM SCREAM.//

LET THEM SCREAM.//

LET THEM SCREAM.//

LET THEM SCREAM.//

LET THEM SCREAM.//

LET THEM SCREAM.//

LET THEM SCREAM.//

LET THEM SCREAM.//

LET THEM SCREAM.//

LET THEM SCREAM.//

LET THEM SCREAM.//

LET THEM SCREAM.//

LET THEM SCREAM.//

LET THEM SCREAM.//

LET THEM SCREAM.//

LET THEM SCREAM.//

LET THEM SCREAM.//

LET THEM SCREAM.//

LET THEM SCREAM.//

LET THEM SCREAM.//

LET THEM SCREAM.//

LET THEM SCREAM.//



BLACK CROWN KINGDOM

The thing I was waiting for/
The thing I was waiting for/

Like lonely clarinets/ or on the empty fields.
Like them so/
much.
how sounds tangle each other. In that/
moment I would love to have some voices at the
back./ Not like a/
background,

not too much.

so infant on the/
beginning...**unexpected.**

/
sounds for me like newborn bells growing.
And I don't know/

maybe it is because of my earphones
but they almost/ make a noise!!! And/
I love that of course. /I would love to
hear a noisy, bells orgy. I would/

LET THEM SCREAM. But it is
because I like the noise. Uncontrolled,/

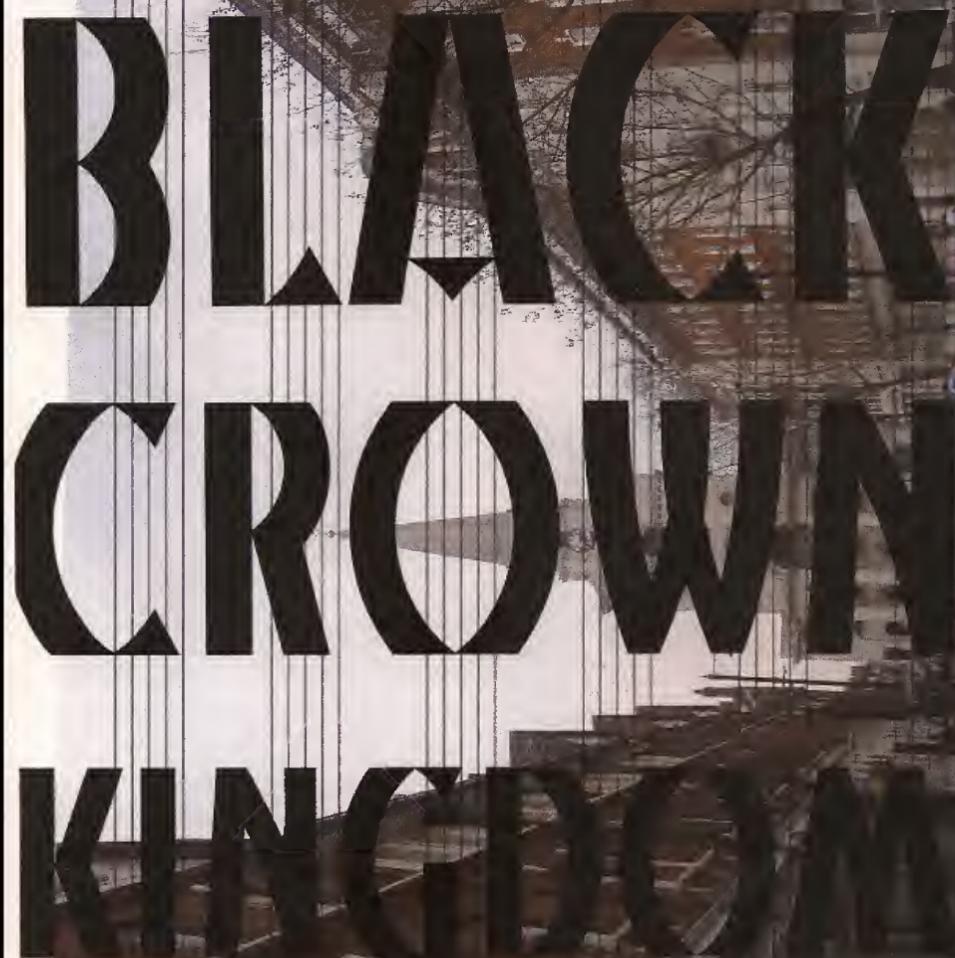
It is so fragile, subtle and delicate.
Ticking and/ whisperings for the
first 80 second. Like clocks.../So pretty
that makes me anxious./

Through rules,/ like a blind for those
savage and beautiful/ ribbons./
should back out for a while, and let
the long sounds/
to be free.

Perhaps I don't understand.
///

The thing I was waiting for/
The thing I was waiting for/

Like lonely clarinets/ or on the empty
fields. Like them so/



**BLACK
CROWN
KINGDOM**

ing I was waiting for/
ing I was waiting for/
perhaps I don't understand.

lonely clarinets/ or on the empty fields. Like them so/
sounds tangle each other. In that/
ent I would love to have some voices at the back./ Not

background,

t too much.

o infant on the/
eginning...**unexpected**.

sounds for me like newborn bells growing. And I don't know/
maybe it is because of my earphones

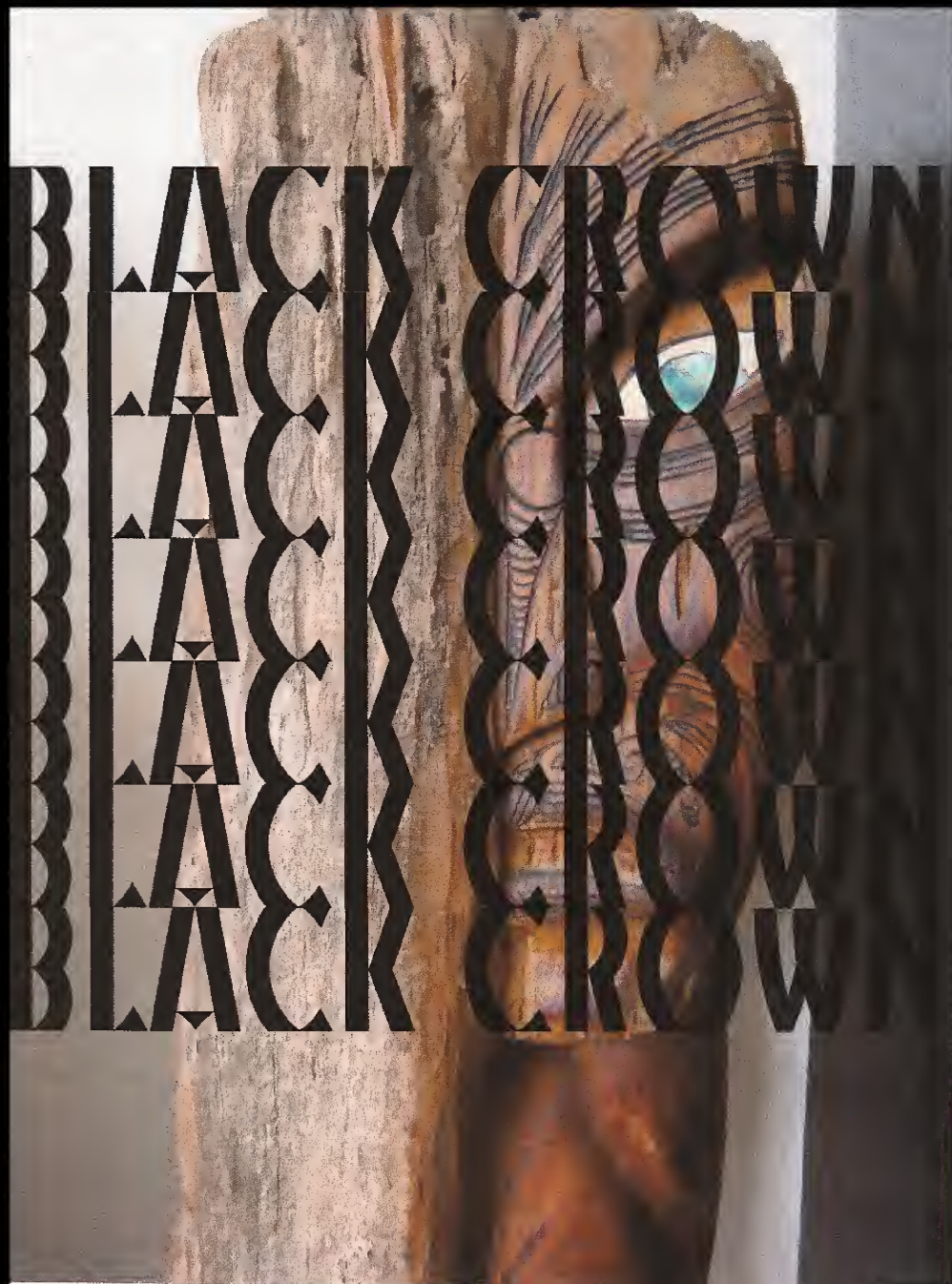
but they almost/ make a noise!!! And/
I love that of course. /I would love to hear a no
bells orgy. I would/

LET THEM SCREAM.

But it is because I like the noise. Un
It is so fragile, subtle and delicate. Ticking and/ whis
the
first 80 second. Like clocks.../So pretty that makes me

Through rules,/ like a blind for those savage and beau
ribbons./
should back out for a while, and let the long sounds/
to be free.

Perhaps I don't understand.
beginning...**unexpected**...
so infant on the/



The thing I was waiting for/
The thing I was waiting for/

Like lonely clarinets/ or on the
empty fields. Like them so/
much.

how sounds tangle each other. In
that/
moment I would love to have some
voices at the back./ Not like a/
background,

not too much.

so infant on the/
beginning...**unexpected.**
/

sounds for me like newborn bells
growing. And I don't know/

maybe it is because of my
earphones

but they almost/ make a
noise!!! And/

I love that of course. /I



LET THEM SCREAM. But

it is because I like the noise.
Uncontrolled,/

It is so fragile, subtle and
delicate. Ticking and/
whisperings for the
first 80 second. Like
clocks.../So pretty that makes me
anxious./

Through rules,/ like
a blind for those savage and
beautiful/ ribbons./
should back out for a while,
and let the long sounds/
to be free.

Perhaps I don't
understand.///



to be free.

Perhaps I don't understand.

///

BLACK CROWN KINGDOM

